Holly Bank. Moortown,
New Leeds, April 3. 1868
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My Dear Garrison

The Anti-Slavery Standard of March 14 reached me here this morning. I presume it was directed to my residence in London by you. If it was, accept my best thanks for it.

I have just risen from the perusal of your letter of the 25th Feb., in reply to the animadversions of Mr. Phillips upon which I dare not trust myself to comment.

The reading of your letter has roused me from my usual torpor, and brought me to my desk to write you

a few lines — & few, for I cannot hold my pen long.

Your reply is comprehensive, complete, and triumphant, & must be so regarded by every just, unprejudiced & dispassionate person. The temper in which you have written it, is as commendable as the arguments & evidence you have used are conclusive & convincing. Your letter settles, for all time, the question for which it waits, and I hope you will make no more about it. That you should have had cause to write at all, is to me a matter of deep sorrow. Would, that that you have said might

bring home to me to a better mind; but this case, I fear, is hopeless.

My dear friend, I have been very unwell since you left England. I had been suffering much before; but I grew much worse after your departure, and at last took quite down.

Two months ago, when down here, I was advised to try the effect of a Chemico Electric Bath, administered by a Physician in Leeds; so, six weeks ago I came to Shelly Bankhouse but one course of baths, I have commenced another.

I am not competent to give you a proper description of my ailments. For years I have suffered greatly in my head — from congestion of the liver — from dyspepsy in its worst forms — and now am almost with loss of nervous energy. With this complication of bodily complaints, I have had to bear much mental anxiety, and many trials that not even my dearest and dearest friends were fully aware of; and under all, I have tried to wear a smiling face, and to appear to be cheerful and happy. The effort, at length, proved too much, & natural [illegible] way.

I am doing all I can to recover a portion of the health I have so long lost. I am better for the baths I have taken - the pure air I have breathed - the quiet I have enjoyed, & the sympathies and I have experienced at the hands of dear friends. I hope to be better still, but I am yet very weak, and quite incapable of any sustained exertion of mind or body. I am happy to say that, since my return, I have been able to provide all things needful for the comfort of those at home, & if I can continue to do so, the object and for which I desire

to live here, will be achieved. Mrs Thompson, Edith & our dear little Herbert have had good health. The families of Lawson and Bowden have been pretty much sickness. Mrs T has lost her sister Hester, and now only one of her family survives and she is in Baltimore. Our good friend Wilson Bowden, who prepared and read the address presented to you in Leeds went away suddenly. He was an excellent man - quiet, unobtrusive, reserved, but, universal in his benevolence, and unwearied in good works. Now laid on the shelf, and inactive, I am a constant, eager, and interested reader of

Should wishes be the State of
things in the United States,
and you will be safe in
assuming that I am at all
times posted up in American
news. The Boston Journal,
and Transcript have been
regularly sent me by my
dear and noble friend at
the Exchange, and from Hall,
the Independent, & the Irish
papers, I can gather all it
is necessary for me to know.
I need not say I am waiting
anxiously the result of the
impeachment - fervently desiring
that the bad man who disgraces
the presidential Chair, may
be speedily hurled from his
ill - gotten position.

The letter you sent me soon after you got home reached me in due course of post, and, as you know, has never been answered. Yet, would my prayerful for it. Yet, do I love as ever the writer, and all that belong to him. Yet do I daily long to see him, and work that he were near me, that I might pour out my heart, & have his sympathy. I know you will forgive me, even though you chide me, & will not my silence prevent you from writing me again, and soon. I send every post with that aching heart can breathe, to all around you, and remain,

Unchangeably & Lastly Yours

Geo Thompson